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**SECRETARY'S REPORT
CLASS OF 1866
HARVARD COLLEGE
1925**



THE WASHINGTON ELM IN 1866

THE TWENTY-THIRD
SECRETARY'S REPORT
OF
THE CLASS OF 1866
OF
HARVARD COLLEGE

JUNE, 1925

BOSTON

Printed for the use of the Class
1925

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ADDRESSES OF THE CLASS

- Samuel A. B. Abbott (Villa Lontana, via Cassia, Rome, Italy), or
Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Henry G. Blair, 1411 Hyde Park Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
Albion Cate, 5435 Ingleside Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Alexander D. Dunbar, 808 Hudson Avenue, Peekskill, N. Y.
Dr. Edward W. Emerson, Concord, Mass.
Edward N. Fenno, 87 Milk Street. Boston.
George A. Flagg, 12 Ashburton Place, Boston.
David G. Haskins, Jr., 10 Tremont Street, Boston, or Bennett Road,
Wayland, Mass.
Amos M. Leonard, 116 Waverly Avenue, Newton, Mass.
James O. Parker.
Edward F. Peirce, 58 Cornhill, Boston.
Thomas S. Perry, 312 Marlborough Street, Boston, or Hancock, N. H.
Dr. Thomas P. Shaw, 110 18th Street, Lowell, Mass.
Swithin C. Shortlidge, Wallingford, Conn.
Moorfield Storey, 53 State Street, Boston.
Charles E. Stratton, 70 State Street, Boston.
Melvin A. Underwood, 6 Longwood Terrace, Boston, 17.
Thomas W. Ward, Chestnut Street, near Perkins Street, Jamaica
Plain, Mass.
Dr. Leonard Wheeler, 12 Chestnut Street, Worcester, Mass.
John D. Williams, 148 State Street, Boston.
-

- John V. Apthorp, 88 Tremont Street, Boston.
J. Murray Forbes, 107 Commonwealth Ave., Boston, or Milton, Mass.
Charles Ouellet, Hebertville, Lake St. John, Quebec.
Colonel Joseph H. Willard, U.S.A., 41 Catherine Street, Newport, R. I.

70 State Street, Boston.
June 18, 1925.

CLASSMATES:

Here is your little book for 1925. You were nearly all kind and considerate enough to send me a contribution, more or less long, to the book, and I thank each of the contributors for myself and all his other classmates.

We can all rejoice in the very modest size of the book, which means that we have had no death during the year, and, consequently, no obituary to record.

As we shall find no Washington Elm in Cambridge this Commencement, I thought you might like to recall how the tree looked in our day, hence the frontispiece. I have also ventured to give you a few age statistics to cheer you.

Now I must again thank you for all the kind words that you sent me, and I wish you once more a Happy New Year, and a joyous reunion on our Sixtieth Anniversary next year.

Yours affectionately,

CHARLES E. STRATTON,
Class Secretary.

ABBOTT writes: "The year has so far been most uneventful and quiet, so I have had plenty of time to devote to the uncongenial task of growing old, and trying to increase the diminishing number of white hairs on that very arid field, the top of my head. For pleasure I have cultivated with some success the memory of old friends and old times, so I am in the mood to send the warmest greetings to the survivors of those times and friends. I hope I shall be able to deliver my greetings in person, and if my legs will let me, tramp with you all on Commencement Day, in the procession.

"I have still in my cellar a dozen or so bottles of 1866 Scotch and no stray member of the glorious Fraternity to help me make the number less.

"You asked about 'The Claimant'.* Poor devil, he was very clamorous again in the Autumn and wrote his grief to my friends, just how generally I don't know. At the same time he bombarded me with letters which I never read. But for a month or two since there has been peace. Whether he has been sent to the mad house, or murdered his family and been hung, I don't know. I am really sorry for him, for I think he is insane and believes his story, although all of my friends will have it that he is attempting some sort of a fraud. To me the story is too absurd to be invented by anyone, much less by a rather clever man, for, barring the fact that I am alive, there is not another true word in his story. I think he is one of the 'Shell Shocked,' for he was a very good officer in a very good corps. The mystery to me is how he ever happened upon my name."

CATE writes: "I am very glad to have your Commencement notice for the 18th prox, both for personal reasons and old sakes' sake. I envy you. With all best wishes to all."

*An Italian who claimed to be Abbott's son.

DUNBAR writes: "Your notice of Commencement was received with pleasure.

"There is nothing of importance in my quiet life to report. Faculties and organs, mental and physical, working normally, so that I still experience the joy of living. Shall be with you on the 18th and am looking forward to the reunion with pleasant anticipation."

FENNO writes:

"Cheerio, Cheerio, Cheerio!

"I most sincerely wish that I had some interesting news to relate of myself, but as you will *yourself* know one of these days, when you approach fourscore years, your time for adventure is about over and your armchair, your fire-side and your pipe mark the limit of your experiences, at any rate this has been the way for me. As usual I passed last Summer on my sand hill in Falmouth on Cape Cod and my Winter in my Boston house, taking occasional short automobile rides and watching with pleasure other people doing more strenuous things. My present hope is to meet with my Classmates June 18th at the Union Club and motor with them out to Cambridge."

HASKINS writes: "My cordial greetings to the Class, with a thankful heart, at the end of another year of health for me and mine. A year which has brought me one of the greatest experiences of my life, a visit to England and Paris, with the American Bar Association, by invitation of the English Bench and Bar, and the Paris Society of Advocates. It was a most inspiring occasion, the like of which has never occurred before, and may perhaps never occur again; and it was highly appreciated by the hundreds of American lawyers with their wives and families, who were able to take part in it.

"Nothing could have exceeded the hearty cordiality of our English hosts; everything was open to us; everything was carefully planned for our enjoyment, and for that of the accompanying wives and children. Even the sister of the Lord Chancellor was one of the busy helpers in the Bar Association offices,

making arrangements for the various excursions and functions. And the wonderful memories of the great reception at Buckingham Palace, of the imposing dinner at the Inner Temple, of the fascinating banquet at the gorgeous Guild Hall and of all the other great ceremonies, can never be blotted out from our minds. And, best of all, the spirit of warm good fellowship, and understanding, and sympathy between the members of our profession in the two great English speaking countries, a spirit typified by the presentation by the Americans to their English brethren of a statue of Sir William Blackstone, must, it seems to me, produce lasting and helpful results in bringing the two countries still closer together.

“And, if anything could equal this wonderful hospitality, it was the splendid greeting accorded us by the Paris Bar, the magnificent receptions at the Elysée, the Chancellerie, and the gorgeous Hôtel de Ville, and the Palaces of Versailles.

“So that I cannot help thinking that, in addition to our intense personal enjoyment, we may have contributed our own mite towards the international good understanding and sympathy, and good will, which tend so strongly to promote peace on earth.”

LEONARD has had another of his hair-breadth escapes and you will enjoy reading his account of it. He tells me that he understands and is not afraid of horses but this one didn't give him a chance.

He writes: “At your urgent request I will relate my experience with ‘Old Father Time’ last summer at Orleans where I was fitting up a modest cottage on a plot of land I have there. The old fellow has been after me with his sharp scythe several times before, but luckily I escaped from him each time. No written account of the incident of last August will give so vivid a picture of it as an oral one.

“I had some furniture and a variety of other things stored in a barn about a quarter of a mile away that I wished to move to my cottage. I engaged a horse and farm wagon of a neighbor, a typical Cape Cod farmer. On my way to the barn I

drovè into the driveway off a side street to get a box in another neighbor's barn, then to the barn where my things were stored. I helped the man who was working for me to load up the wagon. Then I mounted the footboard and drove to my cottage. The horse walked along very quietly. We unloaded and went back for the remainder of the goods. I then got up and stood upon the footboard as before and started along, my man following on foot. I hadn't gone far before old dobbin began to trot. I didn't want him to trot as I was standing and had nothing to hold on to, so I pulled up on the reins. Instead of slowing down the old horse increased his speed, and the harder I pulled the faster he went and was going at full speed when we reached the corner of the side street before mentioned. At that point we met a speeding auto and the old rascal, instead of keeping straight ahead towards my cottage and his home, shied suddenly to the right and made a sharp turn of 90° around that corner. The off front wheel hit a stone at the corner and tipped the wagon so that I lost my balance and was thrown at an angle of about 45°, striking the ground, feet foremost, flat on my back, fortunately in some sand on the roadside. I have no remembrance of striking the ground or of anything till I regained consciousness a half hour later and found myself sitting in a chair on a neighbor's piazza in the presence of a doctor and three other men. They were just going to phone the Hyannis hospital for an ambulance when I regained consciousness. Before this they said I kept putting my hand to my eyes and saying 'where are my glasses?' These and my hat were afterwards recovered uninjured. An antique chair fell from the wagon and was somewhat hurt. I was badly shaken up and received some bruises, but no serious injuries.

A few days later I went down to see the good old farmer and settle for the use of his horse and wagon. He was busy in the kitchen. I told my errand to his matronly wife. She went into the kitchen and in about five minutes returned with the following report, arrived at evidently after a careful consideration of the matter. She said, 'Well, my husband thinks as long as you met with the accident he ought to make an allowance of 25c, so he will charge you 75c instead of a dollar.' That is

an example of Cape Cod thrift. I wonder what allowance he would have made if I had been killed!

“If I had fallen on the hard roadbed instead of in the sand you would now be reading my obituary instead of this simple narrative.”

PEIRCE writes: “I have no story to tell you. Very quietly has passed the year with me and mine.

“My ebbing strength all too clearly tells me that my next mile stone is marked ‘Eighty-one.’

“But I hope to be with the class on June 18th, also to enjoy our happy hour with Mrs. Farlow.”

PERRY writes: “The only thing I have to report is my uninterrupted assiduity as a farmer where I am busy making two blades of grass grow where three grew before. On fields that once bore wheat and rye I now raise the humble potato and the usual round of vegetables that adorn the dinner table. My predecessors gave up in despair and went west to more fertile fields; they could not learn how to thrive on farming. There is only one way and I have learned it. It is to be rigid with one’s accounts. The farmer who expects to make money from his toil should get a new large book, a ledger, and in it he should set down every penny that he gets from his farm, thus: 6 eggs, 25c; 1 cord of wood, so much; and then at the end of the year, or at any date before the 15th of March, should add up the sum and report to the Internal Revenue Collector the amount. He will also tell his friends how much he has made from his farm. Only one precaution is necessary, he must never put down one cent that he has spent on the farm. Carelessness in this respect leads sooner or later to bankruptcy. The system I describe is known to all business men and is highly thought of by them. It is called Bookkeeping by Single Entry.

“Let no one think for a moment that my agricultural work consists of excessive manual toil. I am never seen at either end of a plough, nor do I swing an active scythe. I advise, discuss, when my opinion is sought, and approve. Hence I am looked on as a wise man.”

SILAW writes: "It has become so hard for me to write that, on receipt of your notice and request, I felt as if I must say 'unprepared' and take a discredit mark in silence. But if all did that, what about the 'little book,' always so welcome to our expectant hearts.

"And so I will tell you that I have come through the year in better condition than seemed at times to be possible, a little stronger and a little more hopeful.

"Through all and above all, my affection for dear old Sixty-six is an ever abiding source of comfort and delight.

"With best wishes and regards to you and to every surviving member."

SHORTLIDGE, now our Maximus Senectute, vice Batchelor, writes: "Your genial and welcome reminder of 'Our Little Book' finds me, when close to my 85th birthday, back in New England, where I passed seven years of the combined courses of Exeter and Harvard, the best and most elevating in educative culture, religion and morals. . . . We '66 men lived and worked and studied in an educational atmosphere which embraced Dr. Peabody, Dr. Hill, Professor Child (beloved 'Stubby') Longfellow, Lowell, Agassiz, Sophocles, Bowen, Cooke, Goodwin and others equally eminent, not omitting the Peirees, father and son. When rooming in Holworthy just under the rooms of Professor Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles I enjoyed the personal acquaintance of this most lovable personality. Once he called me up to his room and said to me that I had not done myself justice in a Greek Examination and that he wanted me to take another, and I explained that two absences from college while I was teaching would spoil whatever standing I might have had. He accepted my cordial thanks, but he never passed me without a pleasant exceptional recognition of which I was very proud. . . .

"With my recollection of the English Department of Harvard in 1866, which at that date recognized the high place of Latin and the Greek as essential to a thorough mastery of our mother tongue, I am personally most happy to live in the environment of the Choate School, where my son Raphael Johnson Shortlidge

is the head of the English Department after securing an A. M. at Harvard, awarded him term for five courses in English with the rank of "A." in each, and his gifted wife, Helen Houghton, a graduate of Smith College, and their three children, George Houghton, Anne and Peggy, are making me happy in my youthful old age at their delightful home here, where I am forgetting my years. . . . I have been living for several days in the whirl of the 'closing Festivities of Choate' . . . and this must be my only 1925 Commencement Festivities, in the midst of which I could be piloted by the arm of my devoted son, who is too busy with the sixty younger men who still have ahead of them at Choate strenuous work preparing for their college examinations, to lend his arm to his father at Harvard. May you all enjoy the happy 59th occasion and many more."

STOREY writes: "I have had an interesting and in many ways anxious year since last Commencement. I had planned to attend the meeting of the American Bar Association in London, but the sudden death of my son-in-law in England took me over sooner than I had intended, and I stayed till September. The meeting of the Bar Association was very pleasant, but the rest of the summer was quiet, and the weather, which was rainy and cold, prevented travelling or much activity. During the autumn and winter I worked as usual, and I think for the last time engaged in trying an issue of fact. In the spring I joined the gracious company of octogenarians, preceded by some and followed by other classmates, but I will not divulge their names, lest they be sensitive. I have lived in an atmosphere of operations upon different members of my family and close friends, which have occasioned great anxiety, but fortunately have been successful. I have not added to the number of my descendants, but the future is full of promise.

"I have, like many another *laudator temporis acti*, sighed for the ante-automobilious times when one could cross the street with safety and walk or ride with pleasure. I have seen much in public affairs to regret. I have hailed the adjournment of Congress, but have finally recognized my inability to change the world materially, perhaps because I have detected a grow-

ing disinclination to exertion, which I fancy is felt by most of my octogenarian set. I am not conscious of any greater age than I have been for a decade, but I know that I must join with many another in saying '*Morituri te salutant*'."

STRATTON writes you so much in his official capacity that he feels quite modest about inflicting anything more upon you. It may interest you, however, to know that his overwhelming love of home and the chimney corner was overcome this Winter by Frederic Amory, of the Class of '67, in whose companionship your Secretary passed a most agreeable month cruising in the West Indies, and to Panama and Venezuela, in the good ship *Megantic*. He saw many interesting and delightful places and also persons. He will only add that any American citizen who does *not* wish to feel proud of his Country should not visit the Canal Zone, and view the great Canal and the Administration grounds and buildings at Balboa.

He is carrying on business at the old stand, and it is forty years ago last January since he has been away from the office for a day on account of sickness. He knocks his table and says no more.

UNDERWOOD writes: "I have probably nothing to contribute to your little annual which will interest my dear classmates except to tell them that I have continued to be very well and very busy doing nothing; that I extend to them all my greeting and best wishes; that I hope and expect to meet as many of them as can possibly be present at the coming 59th anniversary of our graduation, to participate with them in all of the events arranged for its celebration and with them regret that our other surviving classmates cannot be with us; and that we all rejoice that your coming book will not sadden us with as many obituary notices as your book did last year.

"I might have stated in my letter to you last year that I was the only surviving member of a quartette of classmates, two pairs of chums, Bangs and Dixon, Osgood and Underwood, who always associated together, and who gave our class day spread together, our invitations for which bore our initials in alpha-

betical order, B. D. O. U. Bangs was the first of the four to leave us in 1900, then Osgood, 'our sweet singer,' in 1922, and then Dixon in 1923."

WARD regrets that his plans for the 18th of June will not allow him to be with us at Boston or Cambridge.

WHEELER writes: "Greetings to you and all the rest of our small band. I hope all will have contributed to the booklet, for I prize it. My contribution is a happy one, for I have nothing to record. We have all been well, which is the main thing. Of the children, none is married; one is Interne at Massachusetts General Hospital, one graduates from Harvard Law School, one from Smith College, and the baby becomes a Sophomore at Harvard."

WILLIAMS writes: "Life goes on as usual. As last year I made my first report of any length to the Class, I think that will do until you make the final notice."*

WILLARD writes: "I have been hoping that I might join you in your happy pilgrimage to Fair Harvard, but it is not thought prudent for me to stray so far from home. Of course I am not sick, but, very tactful, the family, doctors also, think.....er.....er 'Well, I wouldn't go this year,' etc. So instead, I shall read about the ceremonies and have to be satisfied with sending my regrets and love to all the old friends of 1866, who do me the honor to include me among their number."

*The Secretary is not going to let him off that easy.

AGE, ETC., STATISTICS

Our average age at graduation was 22 years and 73/100ths of a month. If we were all alive to-day, our average age would be 81 years and 73/100ths of a month. As it is, we survivors average 80 years, 8 months and 9 days. Our oldest is 85 years and 10 days, and our youngest is 78 years, 7 months and 1 day. The close of the year 1925 will leave but three living members of the Class under 80 years of age.

There is approximately 18% of the Class living, 20% of the first 10 in scholarship, 19% of the Phi Beta Kappa. Fifty-five per cent of the survivors are of the old 3rd Division. The percentage living of those who have regularly attended our reunions is very large. *Verbum sap.*

Flagg is the only survivor of the baseball nine and Fenno of our college crew.

